And yet not cloy thy lips with loth'd facietie,
But rather famish them amid their plentie,
Making them red,and pale,with fresh varietie:
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twentie:
A sommers day will seeme an houre but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she ceazeth on his sweating palme,
The president of pith, and liuelyhood,
And trembling in her passion,calles it balme,
Earths soueraigne salue,to do a goddesse good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Couragiously to plucke him from his horse.

Ouer one arme the lustie coursers raine,
Vnder her other was the tender boy,
Who blusht,and powted in a dull disdaine,
With leaden appetite, vnapt to toy,
She red and hot,as coles of glowing fire,
He red for shame,but frostie in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough,
Nimbly she fastens,(ô how quicke is loue!)
The steed is stalled vp, and euen now,
To tie the rider she begins to proue:
Backward she pusht him,as she would be thrust,
And gouernd him in strength,though not in lust.

So

So soone was she along, as he was downe,
Each leaning on their elbowes and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek;now doth he frown,
And gins to chide, but soone she stops his lips,
And kissing speaks,with lustful language broken,
If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall neuer open.

He burnes with bashfull shame,she with her teares
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheekes,
Then with her windie sighes,and golden heares,
To fan, and blow them drie againe she seekes.
He saith, she is immodest, blames her misse,
What followes more,she murthers with a kisse

Euen as an emptie Eagle sharpe by fast,
Tires with her beake on feather, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, deuouring all in hast,
Till either gorge be stuft,or prey be gone:
Euen so she kist his brow,his cheeke,his chin,
And where she ends, she doth anew begin.

Forst to content, but neuer to obay,
Panting he lyes, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steame,as on a pray,
And calls it heauenly moisture, aire of grace,
Wishing her cheeks were gardens ful of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such distilling showers.